Foole. Marry heere's grace and a codpis, that's a wiſeman and a foole.

Kent. Alaſſe ſir, ſit you heere?
Things that loue night, loue not ſuch nights as theſe;
The wrathfull Skies gallow, the very wanderer of the
Darke, and makes them keepe their caues,
Since I was man, ſuch ſheetes of fire,
Such burſts of horrid thunder, ſuch grones of
Roring winde and raine, I nere remember
To haue heard, mans nature cannot carry
The affliction, nor the force.

Lear. Let the great Gods that keepe this dreadfull
Thundring ore our heads, finde out their enemies now,
Tremble thou wretch that haſt within thee
Vndivulged crimes,, vnwhipt of Iuſtice,
Hide thee thou bloudy hand, thou periur'd, and
Thou ſimular man of vertue that art inceſtious,
Caytiffe in peeces ſhake, that vnder couert
And conuenient ſeeming, haſt practiſed on mans life,
Cloſe pent vp guilts, riue your concealed centers,
And cry theſe dreadfull ſummoners grace,
I am a man more ſind againſt their ſinning.

Kent. Alacke bare headed, gracious my Lord, hard by here is a houell, ſome friendſhip will it lend you gainſt the tempeſt, repoſe you there, whilſt I to this hard houſe, more hard then is the ſtone whereof tis rais'd, which euen but now demanding after me, denide me to come in, returne and force their ſcanted curteſie.

Lear. My wit begins to turne,
Come on my boy, how doſt my boy, art cold?
I am cold my ſelfe, where is this ſtraw my fellow,
The art of our neceſſities is ſtrange, that can
Make vilde things precious, come you houell poore,
Foole and knaue, I haue one part of my heart
That ſorrowes yet for thee.

Foole. He that has a little tine wit, with hey ho the winde and the raine, muſt make content with his fortunes fit, for the raine,

it raineth euery day.

Lear. True my good boy

Enter Gloceſter, a

Gloſt. Alacke, alacke, *Ed*
Vnnaturall dealing, when I
That I might pitty him, the
The vſe of mine owne houſ
Of their diſpleaſure, neither
Entreate for him, nor any w

Baſt. Moſt ſauage and vnn

Gloſt. Go too, ſay you noth
And a worſe matter then th
A letter this night, tis dang
I haue lockt the letter in my
The King now beares, will
There's part of a power alre
We muſt incline to the King
And priuily releeue him; g
With the Duke, that my ch
Perceiued; if he aske for m
To bed, though I die for it,
The King my old Maſter mu
Some ſtrange thing toward

Baſt. This courteſie forbid
And of that letter to, this ſe
And muſt draw to me that v
Then all, then yonger riſes v

Enter Lear, K

Kent. Here is the place m
rany of the open night's too

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my Lord ente

Lear. Wilt breake my hear

Kent. I had rather breake

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King Lear* (STC 22293) LONDON, 1608 [1619] NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCO